

JAN 12 1926

Life

JANUARY 14, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



John
Held Jr.

THE GIRL WHO WENT FOR A RIDE IN A BALLOON

N



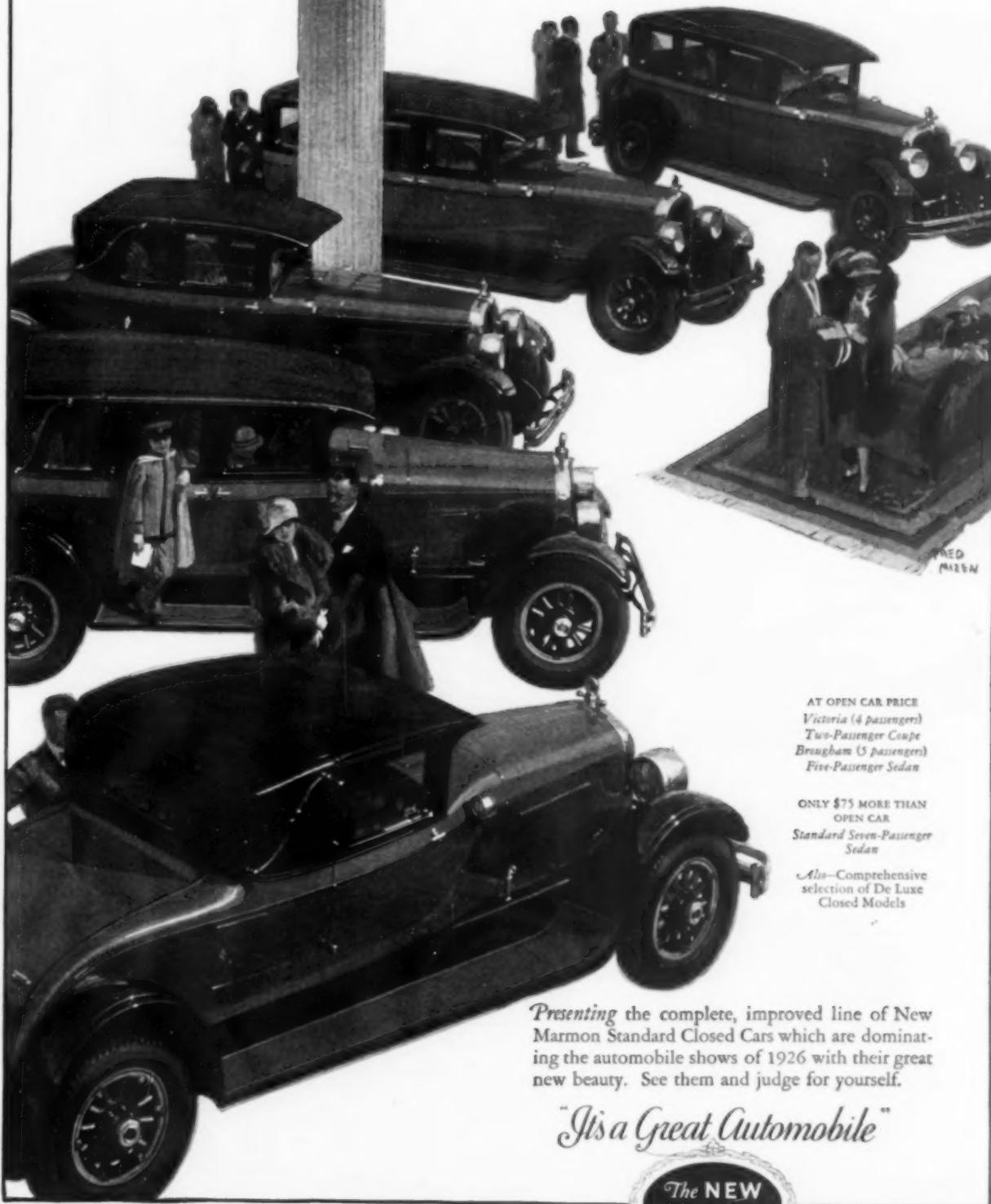
• • • Buick builds motor cars on sound principles developed through twenty-one years of extraordinary engineering research and experience. Deep-rooted excellence underlies the spectacular success of the Better Buick.

the better BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, R. H. WILL BUILD THEM



THE PREFERRED FINE CAR INVESTMENT OF 1926



RED
MILLEN

AT OPEN CAR PRICE
Victoria (4 passengers)
Two-Passenger Coupe
Brrougham (5 passengers)
Five-Passenger Sedan

ONLY \$75 MORE THAN
OPEN CAR
Standard Seven-Passenger
Sedan

Also—Comprehensive
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Closed Models

Presenting the complete, improved line of New Marmon Standard Closed Cars which are dominating the automobile shows of 1926 with their great new beauty. See them and judge for yourself.

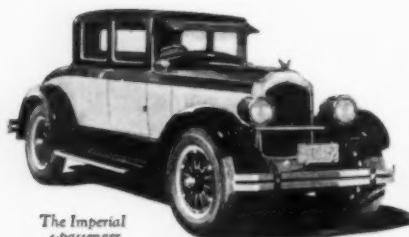
"It's a Great Automobile"



The New CHRYSLER

AS FINE
AS MONEY CAN BUILD

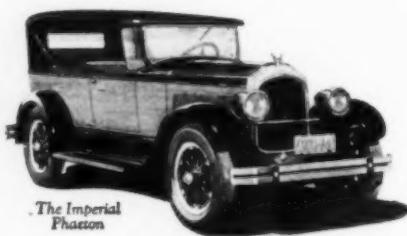
UTMOST LUXURY
FOR 2 to 7 PASSENGERS



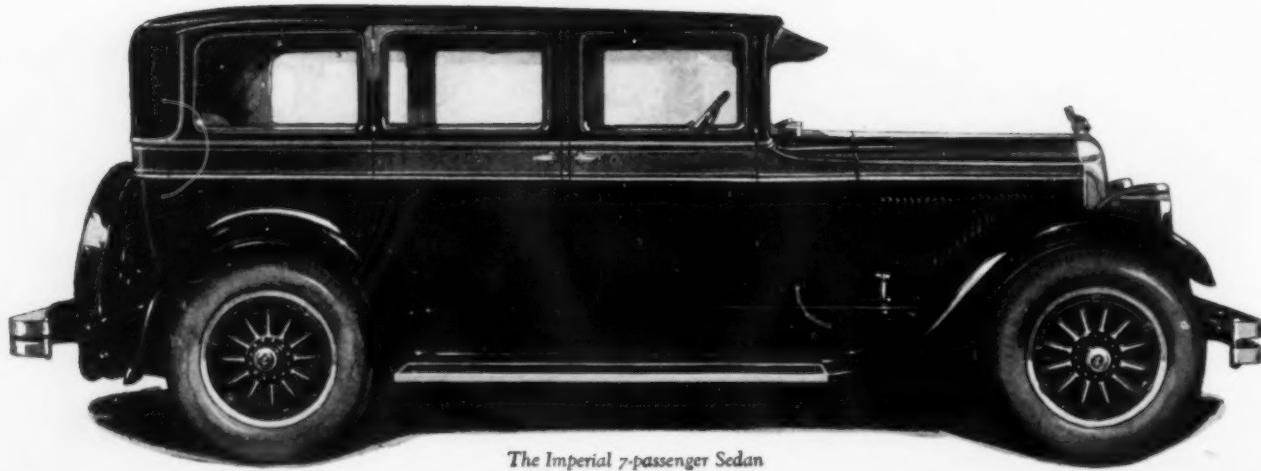
The Imperial
4-passenger
Coupe



The Imperial
2-4 passenger
Roadster



The Imperial
Phaeton



The Imperial 7-passenger Sedan

IMPERIAL

92
HORSE-POWER

80
MILES PER HOUR

*A*T long and rare intervals men are able to produce objects of art or utility which they instinctively know to be superior to any that have preceded them.

They know instinctively, too, that the conquest of public opinion will be complete and instantaneous.

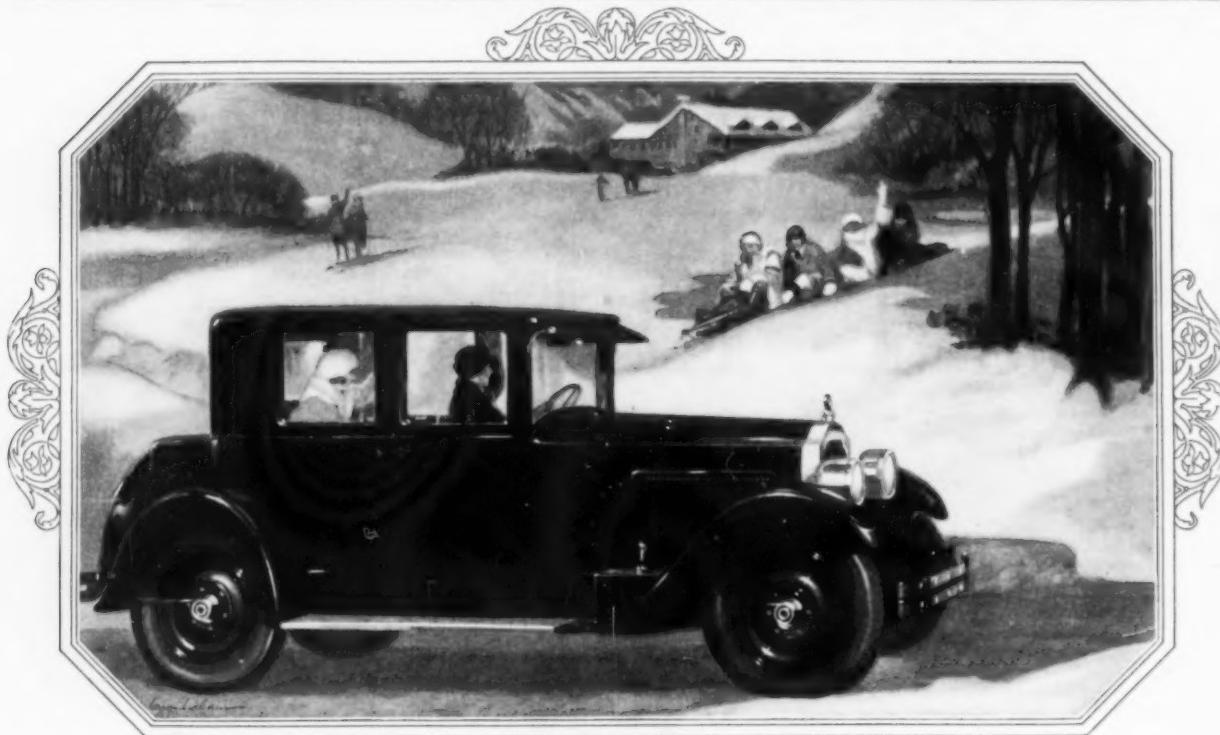
Such periods of high achievement are moments of deep elation—but they are moments which move the creators to remain silent rather than to pile words of praise upon their own accomplishments.

Walter P. Chrysler and his associates are experiencing an hour of profound satisfaction in presenting to you the new Chrysler Imperial.

They are reluctant to stress their own satisfaction in this announcement by endeavoring to arouse your expectations in advance.

They have striven to create in the Chrysler Imperial such prodigies of performance and such a strikingly new and unusual expression of motor car beauty that the car would literally proclaim itself at first glance.

They are confident that you will see in the Chrysler Imperial one more mile-stone in the evolutionary progress of the motor car toward a higher sphere of efficiency and saving.



The Packard Six five-passenger Club Sedan is illustrated—\$2725 at Detroit

Serving or Selling?

IS YOUR motor car maker engaged in serving you or selling you—which?

Does he intrigue you with yearly models and rash promises or does he protect your investment?

To serve means a new car only every four or five years or more. To sell means a new car every year or two or even less.

Packard's business is to serve you well — knowing that those who serve best

will never want for sales.

Evidently the public appreciates that Packard is serving, for more than twice as many Packard Six cars were bought in 1925 as in 1924.

The Packard Six with its beauty, comfort and distinction is not high in price —for example, the five-passenger sedan costs but \$2585 at the factory.

For those purchasers who desire, there is a liberal monthly payment plan.



PACKARD

Ask The Man Who Owns One

Life

The Materialist

THE Higher Realm of Thought Sublime

He doesn't know or understand;
So long as meals arrive on time
He is complacent, smug and bland.
His lazy limbs, his portly form
Are clad in garments finely spun;
So long as he is snug and warm
He cares not how the world is run.

What does he care if women slave
To weave and sew a shirt for him?
To labor problems deep and grave,
To social questions harsh and grim.
He gives no thought. So long as he
Is fed and clothed and has his rest,
The world's all right—Philosophy
That's highly selfish at the best.

Food, clothing, comfort, service, care,
He takes them as his rightful due,
And how they come or whence or where
He doesn't ask. His point of view
Is stolid, bourgeois. I insist
That here you certainly behold
The Absolute Materialist—
A healthy baby, three months old!

Berton Braley

If Headlines Were Literally True

"President Cleans His Desk"

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE spent Saturday with a pail of warm water, some rags and a stiff brush.

He first removed the blotter and pads from his mahogany desk, then put the ink away carefully.

His secretary helped him to roll the massive structure over to the window where the light was better.

After wiping the dust off, the Chief Executive rubbed and scrubbed for forty minutes.

When the desk was dry again, Silent Cal applied linseed oil and lemon to the surface and put a new shine on the executive mahogany and even varnished the scratch made by a former owner.

Puffing a bit from the exertion, he finally rolled his desk back in place, picked up his pails, rags and bottles, and went to wash his hands for lunch.

James A. Sanaker.

Law's Old Sweet Way

ONCE upon a time, a man received a letter inscribed with the well-known slogan, "Opened by Mistake." He mildly resented this invasion of his private affairs. But when he began to receive other letters in the same condition, he was thoroughly aroused. From futile fury he passed to cold calculation. He investigated and found that there was actually a law against opening mail addressed to another. He reasoned that a law is a law; and if one law can be obviated by a catchphrase, why cannot another? So, deliberately, he planned it. He was even somewhat aglow over the brilliant Idea, and wondered why some one hadn't

thought of it before and acted upon it; he killed the man who had opened his letters and inscribed the slogan, "Opened by Mistake." Killed him and placed on his dead body a card which read, "Murdered by Misunderstanding." Time passed. He was not arrested. He thought it was due to the Idea. But as he read accounts of other murders from day to day, it slowly dawned on him that he needn't have been so explicit.

A. G. L.

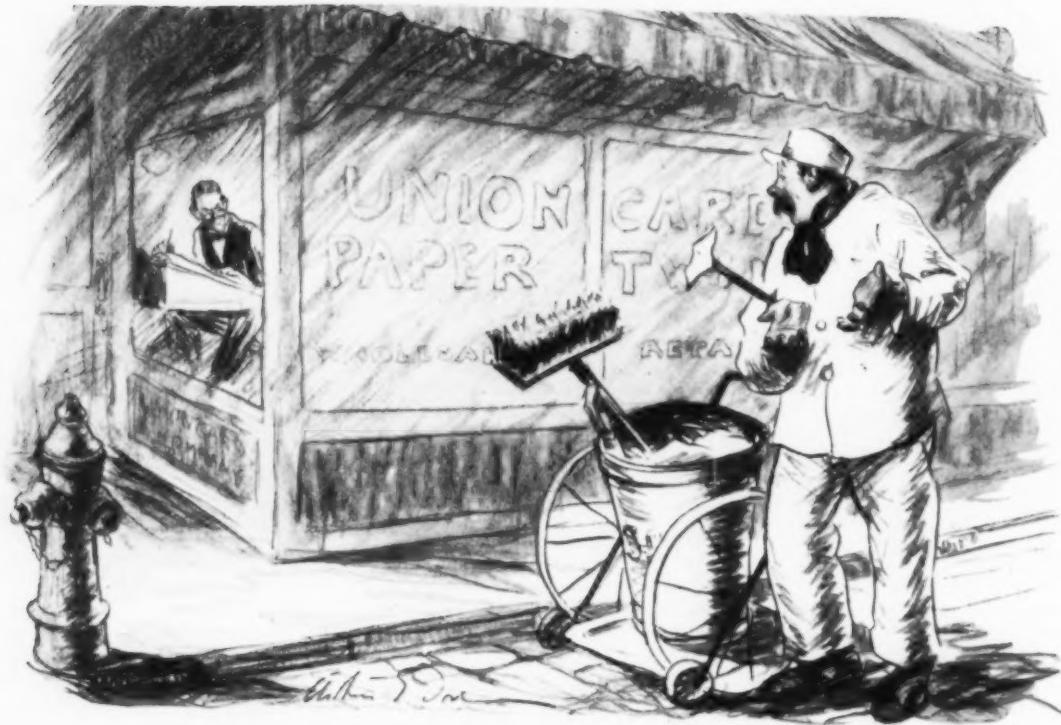
Just Boys

FREDDIE: Hah! We got twins at our house!

EDDIE: Cheee! How many?



Mr. MacAndrew: WEEL, IF I MUST GIE THE LADDIE A WEDDING PRESENT, I'LL SEND HIM A PAIR O' MY HOMING PIGEONS.



"GOSH, WHAT A JOB!"

Saved!

A TRIUMPHANT smile crept over the haggard face of Prof. Amazaro Zogg as he gazed at the colorless liquid. After years of toil he had compounded the elixir of life. Why shouldn't he be the first to benefit by his own discovery? One swallow would add a hundred years to his life. It had been all work and no fun for fifty years while he was evolving the formula; surely none would begrudge him a hundred

years of all fun and no work. He drank.

Settled comfortably in the great arm chair in his library, Prof. Zogg adjusted his spectacles and opened the newspaper, a luxury which he had denied himself for a decade. He read of Hollywood, Prohibition, the White House spokesman's opinion of the coal strike, the Florida boom, Chicago murders, Charleston dancers wrecking

seven-story buildings, taxes, the Ku Klux Klan, bank, jewel, fur and love thefts, Wayne B. Wheeler, and the latest French Cabinet crisis.

When Mrs. Zogg reached the laboratory her husband was leaning on the sink. His face had assumed a greenish hue and his brow was mottled.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said. "I have merely taken an emetic."

Gerald Cosgrove.

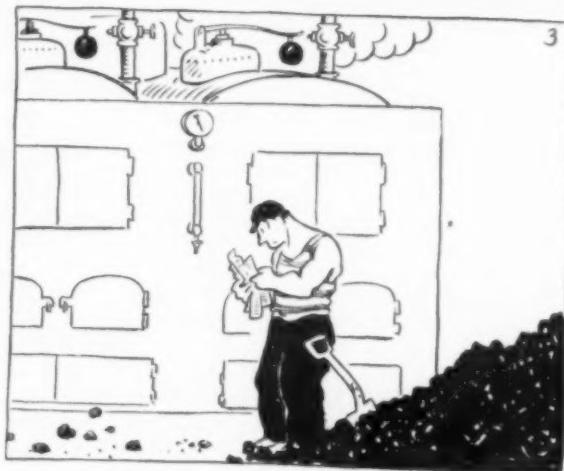
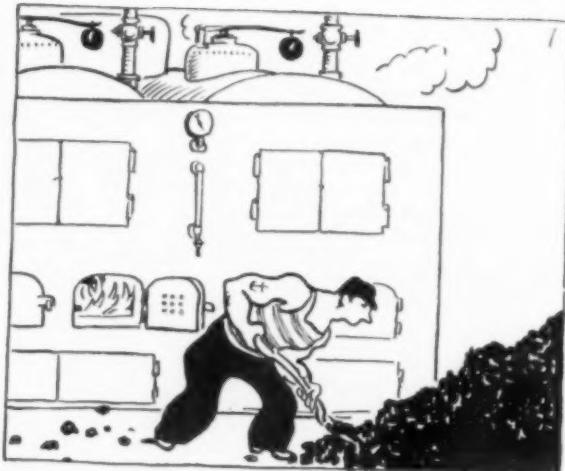


THE COMIC STRIP SHAKESPEARE

— — — — — BARNEY GOOGLE AS RICHARD THE THIRD

• LIFE •

7



Playing Safe

Fruel

• LIFE •



Bride-to-Be: DARLING, WOULD YOU PREFER ME TO LEAVE OUT THE "OBEY" PART DURING THE CEREMONY, OR LATER ON?

Home Life of the Comedy "Gag" Man

HITCHES bed to his dog's collar and gets pulled to bathroom door. Brushes teeth with shaving cream; foams at the mouth. His wife calls the fire department, which instantly arrives and turns the hose on him. He turns the hose on them, washing them out the door. Substitutes yellow soap for butter and brown varnish for coffee at breakfast. Sits on waffle-iron; springs up, overturning table. Rolls into flour bin; emerges white from head to foot. His wife cleans him off with vacuum cleaner. His clothes come off and are sucked into the nozzle. Snatches up rug to cover himself; ice man arrives and makes love to wife. Chases ice man with ice tongs; is chased by ice man with same. Slips on cake of ice, lands on tea-cart and rolls around room, loosening wires of radio-set. Rolls into kitchen; attaches these wires to electric refrigerator. Falls off tea-cart into red-hot oven. Leaps out to hear electric refrigerator playing "Everything Is Hotsy Totsy Now" while radio set is covered with frost. Radio set explodes, blowing him into car standing at curb. Hitched dog to car. Dog chases cat—pulling gagman to studio and his day's work.

Robert Lord.

Ballade of Thorough Skepticism

NO day goes by without some flaring line
About the latest heinous criminal case.
Who wants to hear "Aged Clubman Kidnaps Nine"?

They simply put it in to fill up space.

What with the tales of murderers that place
Their victims in a swamp, then calmly slay
The horsed policemen who are giving chase,
You can't believe a word the papers say.

"Rich Poisoner Confesses All; Sheds Brine,"
"Young Lover, Jilted, Shoots at Sweetheart's Face"—
Such stuff is printed to excite the spine,
They simply put it in to fill up space.
You see the front-page has to keep apace
With current life; if nothing happens, they:
Just make it up! It's really a disgrace:
You can't believe a word the papers say.

Could anybody be so rank a swine
As to purloin ten thousand yards of lace?
Or secretly explode a peopled mine?
They simply put it in to fill up space.
Most probably there's not the slightest trace
Of war between Peru and Paraguay,
But truth is not the idol they embrace—
You can't believe a word the papers say.

L'ENVOI

O Readers, shun the reportorial race!
They simply put it in to fill up space.
Although you scan them closely day by day,
You can't believe a word the papers say.

Simonetta.

His Own Diagnosis

"NOW, listen, doc," said the patient. "Before you start to work on me I want you to know that I haven't got inflammation of the purse."



Subject: HOW MANY EXPOSURES LEFT ON THAT NEGATIVE?

Ex-Golfer: I LIE FIVE.

Life



Lines

A NEWARK girl escaped from an assailant by kicking him. We knew that sooner or later some justification for the Charleston would come out.

¶

The earliest fossilized remains of a woman, dating from the upper paleolithic period, have been found in London—and scientists are now combing the lobby of the Hotel Savoy in the belief that they will discover the man who is still waiting for her.

¶

There are 20,200,000 automobiles in the United States, according to *Motor Magazine*, but our own Statistical Department reveals that during 1925 alone 28,198,000 cars were used as the basis for the girl-had-to-walk-home anecdotes.

¶

Friends of the Versailles Treaty are seeking a way to relegate Articles 227 and 231 to oblivion. We suggest that these items be lifted from the treaty and inserted in one of our Republican or Democratic campaign platforms.

The friends of the Versailles Treaty probably haven't heard that the work of relegating the entire League of Nations to oblivion has already been accomplished by the late HENRY CABOT LODGE.

¶

It looks as if every nation of Europe were sold on the World Court idea, and incidentally so's your old Sam.

¶

Some day a magazine editor is going to achieve lasting fame by publishing stories as interesting as the advertisements.

¶

Members of the Harvard Glee Club recently refused to engage in an inter-collegiate contest because they objected to singing "sentimental mush."

Not two months ago, these same young gentlemen were straining their lungs in vocal exhortations to the big red team to "fight, fight, fight, for we'll win tonight, for old Harvard for-rev-er-more."

If the attitude of hostility toward sentimental mush is permitted to spread, what ever will become of the composers of "All Alone" and "Pal o' My Cradle Days," the motion picture industry and, indeed, the United States of America itself?

¶

Football playing is not overemphasized at Harvard, according to JAMES L. KNOX of the coaching staff. So we have been noticing for the past few years.

¶

A food shortage has developed on the island of Yap. It is said the population would like another can of soup.

¶

Rabbi STEPHEN S. WISE is facing a heresy trial for telling members of his race that such a person as JESUS actually existed, and down in Tennessee an almost forgotten young man named JOHN T. SCOPES is heard to chuckle.

¶

Encouraging thought—Spring can not be more than twenty-five cold wave lengths away.

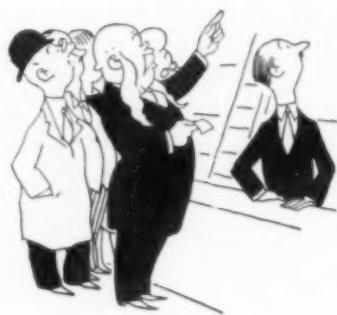
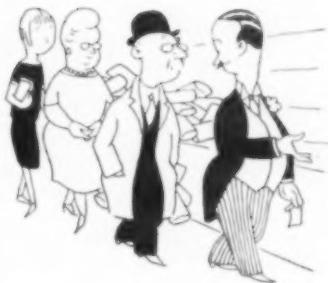
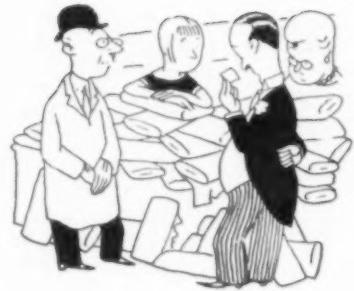


"HE CALLS IT A SHIELD AND SAYS NO FLINT CAN PIERCE IT. IT PRACTICALLY ABOLISHES WAR."

• LIFE •



The Difficult Match—I



The Difficult Match—II

Through the Ages

SCENE: Alley outside the Globe Theatre, London, following the first act of the first performance of "The Merchant of Venice." Enter, two Critics, neither possessing a cigarette.

FIRST CRITIC: How now, Friend Aleck! What thinkest thou of it?

SECOND CRITIC: Ods blood! What thinkest thou?

FIRST: Nay, nay! Be not o'erunning. 'Twas I first asked.

SECOND: Aye, rogue, haply aye. But 'twas thou first asked at th' openings o' Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher. 'Tis e'en my turn.

FIRST: Ha' done, ha' done! Why, then, 'tis my conceit 'tis but a scurvy piece.

SECOND: So do we now accord. Methinks 'tis not e'en "adequate."

FIRST: Nay, nor "good enough," neither. A murrain on first nights!

SECOND: Thou saidst it! A scourge on all dramaticks! And, too, on all prating varlets o' playwrights wi' nought to do save spatter ink o'er fair



A LESSON IN THE CHARLESTON

white parchment and keep honest folk fro' their beds!

FIRST: Aye, but to the play! 'Twould irk the Semites, thinkest thou not?

SECOND: By'r Lady, I had not thought on that! This—hast thy programme—aye—this Shylock is but a sorry churl, methinks.

FIRST (hopefully): Haply he may wed an Irish lass ere curtain falls and

so save all. Methinks ('twas when I was but a stripling) there was a piece, "Absalom's Rosalind of Erin," or something o' that sort, that—

SECOND: Nay, nay! Yon Shakespeare lout hath not the wit for that. A dull clod! A zany! A nit-wit!

FIRST: Thou speakest sooth! How now! There sounds the bell's foul clamor. Wilt go inside?

SECOND: Nay, by my halidom, nay! I am o'erfed wi' rantings and railings and all manner o' blockish, doltish, lack-brained, maggot-pated anticks! Do thou and I now repair to the Bull's Head, there to indite a scant critique and tipple a draught o' sack.

FIRST: Well does that consort with my mood. Away!

(They leave. Will Shakespeare, who has been eavesdropping, bursts into tears and proceeds to get all lashed up himself.)

Tip Bliss.

DAD: You ought to keep better hours.

SON: Are there any better ones than those now in use?



"MAIN STREET? YEH, THIS IS MAIN STREET. NOW, WHO WAS THE HUMOROUS GUY TOLD YUH MY NAME WAS BABBITT?"



THE GAY NINETIES

THE FEVERISH CLIMAX OF A WILD EVENING—GETTING "HOME" THE LAST MAN FOR THE
PARCHESI CHAMPIONSHIP.

Brown Reads the Paper

YEAS, dear, I have the paper. I don't know, I'll see.

No, continued cold. Yes, I did. No, we have plenty. Yes, dear.

The man who was shot in the alley? No, dear, nothing more. Yes.

Who? No, nothing, dear. What page would it be on? No, I don't mind. Yes, I fixed the furnace before I sat down. Who? No, I'll see.

Picture? Mary Garden. No, that's a baby found—where? Oh, a prize

winner in Florida, yes, dear, I think so.

No, I don't find it. Yes, they took \$24,000. No, no clue yet.

Yes, three killed and one hurt. No, I don't, either. Yes, do you want some of it? I know you're busy...No, I don't, dear.

President? Yes, about rural conditions in Kansas and Iowa. No, he doesn't put on overalls, dear, to help farmers...it's money...loans to help pay farmers for corn not sold...

gambling? No, dear....Parley? I explained that last week, dear, yes...no, dear, I...yes, no...yes, dear...I'll just run down and look at the furnace a moment.

James A. Sanaker.

Paragon

ST. PETER (*at the Gate*): Have you any letters of introduction?

NEW ARRIVAL: No, don't believe in 'em—never gave one to anybody.

ST. PETER: Select your harp!

LIFE

The City Editor in Hades

THE CITY EDITOR had gone the way of all flesh, and was being admitted to the place where dozens of cub reporters had mentally consigned him.

"This blaze ought to be good for an eight-column head," he muttered, as he showed an imp his press card, and was allowed to enter the fire lines.

"Hello, chief!" a previous arrival warmly greeted him. "Want a story on the conflagration?"

The City Ed frowned. That word had been used to describe too many one-alarm fires to impress him, though he was ready to admit that there was a possibility of a good, hot story. He recognized the speaker as a reporter who had written of high-powered cars on three different occasions, and vaguely wondered if that was why he was present.

"Mysterious origin?" the City Ed queried.

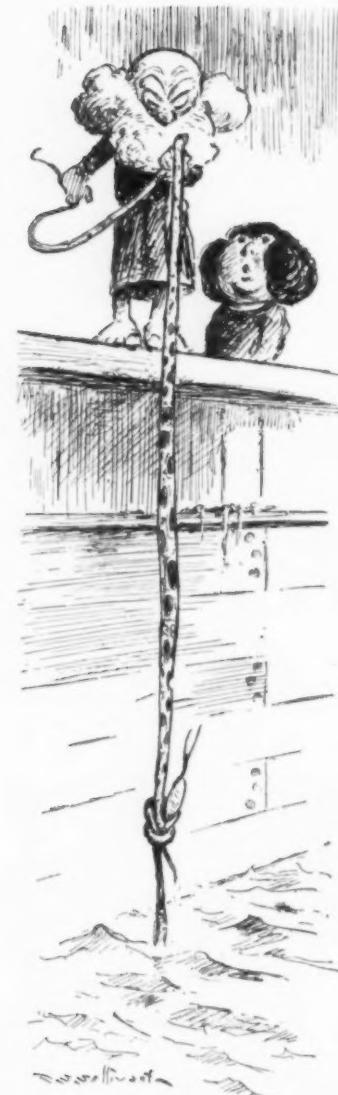
"Possible incendiary origin, according to a statement made to-day by Fire Chief Satan, who declared his intention of getting behind a committee on investigation."

"Any guests flee scantily clad?"

"Riding bareback on a firehorse, clad only in her luxuriant hair, which was badly singed by the blaze, a woman who gave her name as Lady Godiva narrowly escaped being burned to death when the walls of the structure collapsed," the reporter answered. "The thousands of passers-by who were attracted by the flames stood in awed silence as the steed thundered through a flaming doorway, with the exception of a musician, who gave his name as Nero. The latter, raising his violin, struck up the touching strains of 'Red Hot Mamma.'"

"Rush three hundred words for the first edition," the City Ed ordered, as a gang of imps laid hold of him and pushed him toward the blaze. "Don't go too heavy on this Godiva woman; I'm afraid it's a publicity stunt!"

Allan R. Bosworth.



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING,
NOAH?"

"I THINK WE'RE IN SHOAL WATER, SO
I'M TAKING SOUNDINGS, MY DEAR."

Heredity—A. D. 2000
"I WANT to marry your daughter."
"Any tonsils or appendix?"
"No, none in my family in over a hundred years."

TURKISH tribunals are reported sentencing men to death for not wearing hats. This may be an exaggeration, but American college students might as well make a note of it.

PITY the poor movie queen—she never knows where her next husband is coming from.

Anatomical Note

I HAD six older brothers;
My sisters numbered eight.
Of course Ma served the others
Before I passed my plate.
I got the leanest pickin's,
No matter how I'd beg.
I came to think that chickens
Were chiefly neck and leg.

I've bettered my condition
Since those dim years of youth.
Yet childish intuition
May hold the germ of truth.
And judging by the dresses
Girls wear on left and right,
I think my boyish guesses
Were right!

Ted Olson.

A Sign of Greatness

THAT little boy of yours seems to be mechanically inclined."

"Why do you say that?"

"I see he can put on his zippers himself."

PROF. GEORGE PIERCE BAKER recently took his Yale dramatic class to witness "Abie's Irish Rose," but it does seem that, after the disappointing football season, the Elis had suffered enough punishment for one year.



"IS BILL REALLY AS DUMB AS HE LOOKS?"
"GOSH! HE'S DUMBER! HIS IDEA OF A SNAPPY PRESENT
IS A RUBBER PLANT."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 21st Awake very betimes, as I always am at this season of the year because of my interest in what may arrive by the first post, and whilst I was going through the cards which came in, Sam did bawl from the front of the house, Come hither at once, some one has sent you a Ferris-wheel! but it proved to be a huge and handsome round candy box from Eloise Brown, and filled with toothsome peanut brittle, one of my favorite confections. When the contents of that do be exhausted, quoth Sam, another mission in life will have been added unto me. Then he off for his labors, confiding that he would like nothing better than to be an elevator boy in good standing for the next seven days, and from what my visiting hairdresser tells me of the delightful things which her customers do press upon her, I should not mind myself being in her place. For, albeit I know it is more blessed to give than to receive, and albeit I myself do derive great satisfaction from dispersing largesse, I have always held that the Bible, in stressing the state of grace arising from generosity, cast an indirect and unfortunate aspersion on the pleasures of acquisition. All the morning gone in attending to such diverting details that I did suffer two attacks of nausea from sheer excitement, and my servant Florence did threaten to tie me in a chair unless I did promise to quiet down. So when Marge Boothby was come for luncheon, we did settle to restful topics, such as the number of matters in our lives which we do conceal successfully from the world. Who amongst my friends, for instance, would suspect that I have



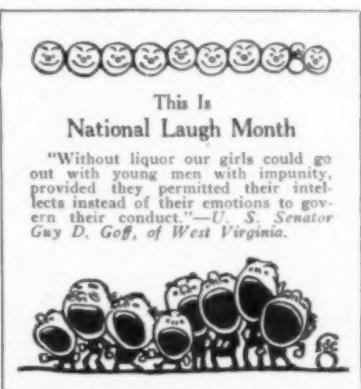
Mother Bug: SHAME ON YOU, BILLY BUG, FOR MAKING SUCH A FUSS ABOUT CLEARING OFF OUR LITTLE WALK! WHY, JUST LOOK OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT LITTLE WORK SAMMY CENTIPEDE MAKES OF IT.

never read aught by Dickens save *A Christmas Carol* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, and that of the latter I remember nought save that a man in it named Sydney Carton said upon occasion that he was doing a far, far better thing than he had ever done before?

December 22nd Aroused early by a splendid consignment of monogrammed linen, which is highly superior to the lark as an harbinger, methinks, and containing, amongst other things, two dozen fine pocket handkerchiefs which I am resolved, as usual, not to lose. Lord! whoever said that eternal vigilance is the price of safety must have been trying to keep trace of just such elusive articles. Nor were my high spirits spoiled by a curtain lecture from my husband, in which he berated me for nibbling at the Christmas delicacies which have arrived in baskets and boxes, saying that it was unreasonable to eat a marron glacé or a piece of pickled watermelon rind before one had

had one's breakfast tea and toast. But when I did ask him how it does come that everything in life which we really enjoy doing is either wrong, costly, or injurious, he could not tell me. Then Reita Whipple in, exhausted, to see me, confessing that she had so depleted her coffers by purchasing gifts for her friends that she was thinking seriously of trying to make the *Times'* One Hundred Neediest Cases at the eleventh hour, which is the way most persons with a million dollars' worth of tax exempt securities do talk, and I doubt gravely if Rita has done any better by me than the rococo waste basket with which she favored me last year. When she had gone, a comfortable Pharisaical feeling suffused me, for, in spite of her money, or, perhaps, because of it, her clothes always look as if they had been made by loving hands. And had I what she has a year, I should see to it that my cook at least made decent creamed potatoes, or know the reason therefor.

Baird Leonard.





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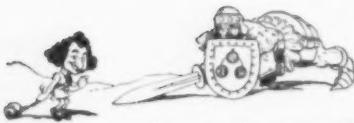
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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IT seems to be very much the open season for belated observations in disparagement of The War. Persons who got under the bed in 1917, or were restrained by prudence from expressing their sentiments too publicly, become increasingly vocal. That is all right enough. Anything about The War that has been bottled up may, and should, be uncorked at the convenience of the bottlers.

The last volume of Page's Letters has helped in this diffusion of candor. Page's communications were used to disparage Wilson, and friends of Wilson naturally came back with anything they could find that would disparage Page. That is nothing. Mr. Page and Mr. Wilson are both of the company of the victors of the war. They will both be discussed off and on for a long time to come and both will be justified, as men who gave the message that was in them and did the job set for them to do.

As for them there need not much be said. The idea that The War was a failure so far as the United States was concerned, an idea that runs out at the point of some very good pens, may well get attention as it comes along; not too much, for space is precious; but just a little. It is really much too soon yet to say what The War did to the world, or even what it did to the United States. The world would doubtless have survived if we had not gone in, but that civilization in that case would have been put back much worse than it has been is still believed with confidence by most people in this country who take thought at all definitely about civiliza-

tion. Now we have all the bother about foreign debts and the collection or abatement of them, and we are taxed a good deal, and see enormous changes of life and attribute many of them to Versailles that are really due to Detroit, and we are bothered about Prohibition, and the wrangles of the theologians annoy us, and we lay it preponderantly to The War, and the people who say that it was a failure find in externals a good deal to support their view.

But, bless them; they don't know! Fortunately they don't know what sort of case the world would be in if the cat had jumped the other way. All observers who wish to see even the near effects of the war should plan to live on another twenty years. It will pay them, for results as they work out from month to month and year to year will all be worth watching, and some of them are likely to be very stirring.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says in his renowned Kansas paper that "Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer and the manners of an undertaker." That sounds very disrespectful, but it is not so bad as it appears. Some of the meat packers have great talent for organization. Mr. Munsey had that gift, and notable abilities as a knacker besides. The morals of the money changers, meaning the bankers, are in certain ways above the average. Stress was laid by Mr. Munsey's obituarians

on his financial integrity. As to his having the manners of an undertaker, how could he escape them, conducting so many funerals as he did?

"He and his kind," says Mr. White, "have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an eight per cent. security." About that there is a painful glamour of veracity, but how far is it true? An awful mortality of newspapers followed Mr. Munsey in New York, but whether he caused it, or, as said, merely conducted the obsequies that attended it, is another question. What happened here happened considerably in London, and happened in many other American cities besides New York. There wasn't room for so many newspapers of the kind that had developed, when the cost of producing them had been so increased by The War. Some of them had to go. They went. Mr. Munsey had a voice in saying which should go. He seemed to want to save the vital spark in as many of them as he could, but snuffed it out ruthlessly when that served his turn better, as in the case of the *Globe*. There was no visible need of killing the *Globe*, except to overload the *Sun* with advertising.

BUT that remark about transforming a once noble profession into an eight per cent. security is an observation with a good deal of bite in it. A newspaper is not a security, it is a gamble and always will be. Nevertheless, in the long run, it does not survive unless it is profitable. Mr. Munsey saw that, and saw it disproportionately big. Possibly he did not see big enough that a newspaper that lives primarily to make money has a disease that will presently kill it unless it can be successfully treated.

But was newspaper making ever a noble profession? Never! It is and always has been a disreputable calling, alleviated often and sometimes glorified by high character and talent in persons engaged in it. One may say that there is no necessary conflict between nobility and disrepute, and that's true enough, as also it is that no profession or job is noble in itself, but only becomes so by virtue of some one who develops and exudes nobility in the practice of it. It cannot be said for Mr. Munsey that he did that. As a newspaper man he was a joke, though formidable and potent as a publisher.

E. S. Martin.



JILTED

LIF



E. C. Lissner

Equal Rights for
The Lion-Hearted Husband Who

LIFE



Rights for Men
and Who Kept His Wife Waiting

• LIFE •



Nos. 118, 119, 120, 121 and 122

LET'S get all the disagreeable work out of the way first, shall we? Then Critic can be nice and pleasant, which is the way Critic *always* wants to be.

"Fool's Bells" is awful. Don't ask us to go into details, because it has several very nice and capable people connected with it. That's all we care to say. It is awful.



ANOTHER little corker is "Open House." This tells the story of a man who uses his beautiful wife to help him wheedle contracts out of susceptible financiers. As the play opens she has just landed that big Russian contract. Looming up in the distance is that big Argentine contract. A glance at the map of South America alone, with its big commercial possibilities, will show you how little time to herself *Mrs. Bellamy* could look forward to. It was just business, business, business, in addition to which she had to worry about bringing up little *Harold* and little *Amy*, although, so far as we were concerned, she could have omitted this latter duty entirely.

Just to give you an idea of the kind of thing this unfortunate wife had to be subjected to in the course of her big-business deals, as early as the first act *Basil Und rwood* was saying to her: "I make steel. I make careers. And I make love, Mrs. Bellamy." Which is a pretty ominous remark, you will admit. But, as Helen MacKellar always manages to come through clean in the end, we didn't worry enough to stay and see what happened. We were afraid that *Harold* and *Amy* would grow up. Sometimes Miss MacKellar must wonder if there really is such a thing as a good play.



WE must admit that we were fooled by "The Patsy." We spent the entire first act jotting down on the margin of our program wise-cracks which the heroine gave off at the rate of ten to the minute, all of which we had read in current wise-cracking literature, intending to come out with a pitiless exposé of the author as a clipper and paster. It then transpired that she was supposed to have culled them all from a book on "How to Make Your Conversation Scintillating," which made our marginal notes look rather silly and made "The Patsy" a much better play than we had at first suspected. It is, however, a little too much to ask that we believe that a young lady as attractive

as Claiborne Foster could ever have been the Cinderella of any family, forced into such strategy to get and keep the young men interested. No strategy of any kind should be necessary for Miss Foster.



ANOTABLE feature of "One of the Family" is that the scene being laid in Boston, Louise Closser Hale and Grant Mitchell have gone to considerable pains to talk like Bostonians. No dialect is so often essayed on the stage as that of New England, and none is so completely muffed. Actors seem to feel that by affecting a nasal twang they could pass anywhere for President Coolidge. Miss Hale and Mr. Mitchell are the first we have heard who get their effects by a complete elimination of the letter "r," and, as an old New England boy who shuns an "r" as he would the plague, we salute them.

The play itself contains much of the stuff that has been in plays about the daughter-in-law *versus* the Family since the story was first written, including the smashing of crockery at the second-act curtain. It is estimated that in "Craig's Wife," "Easy Virtue" and "One of the Family," sixty-four knickknacks are smashed every week, or enough to furnish a complete Belasco set.



THE company at the Neighborhood Playhouse rehearsed for twelve weeks on "The Dybbuk" and, as a result, have something that is practically perfect in its way. It doesn't sound so good to hear about. These mystic mood-dramas, in which the soul of one person inhabits the body of another, are generally pretty tough going and when, in addition, you hear that there is a lot of high-church Jewish ritual running through the thing, we shouldn't blame you if you smiled indulgently at our enthusiasm and told the girl to try to get two seats for "The Cocoanuts."

Not only does "The Dybbuk" succeed in holding your attention, but it actually sent a couple of tremors up and down this old Unitarian spine, which is bogie for the course. This dybbuk, the soul of a youth who had died of a broken heart and was defying the entire rabbinical team of dybbuk-chasers by its stubborn tenancy of the body of his beloved, was one of the gamiest dybbuks we have ever seen. He held on his one-yard line for three downs and it was only by a trick play that the fathers were able to crowd him out. It was all terribly exciting, believe it or not.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Chivalry. Wallack's—The State versus a pretty woman with the usual result. Violet Heming and Edmund Breen.

Craig's Wife. Moroso—A warning to wives embodied in one of the season's best plays, with Chrystal Herne as Exhibit A.

The Dybbuk. Neighborhood—Reviewed in this issue.

Easy Virtue. Empire—Jane Cowl, in fine form, makes the customary visit to the in-laws.

The Enemy. Times Square—Something about War for each and every one of us, by the Very Reverend Channing Pollock, assisted by Fay Bainter.

The Fountain. Greenwich Village—Romantic rambles with Ponce de León, easier to watch than to listen to. (Eugene O'Neill *fecit*.)

The Green Hat. Broadhurst—Planked whitehat.

Hamlet. Heckscher—This notable production, in modern dress, has been regrettably closed by this department three times and is now to be seen 'way uptown. By all means take the trip.

In a Garden. Plymouth—A delicately philosophical play, the first solid food that Laurette Taylor has had.

The Jazz Singer. Cart—George Jessel in lefther witt sedness witt religeion.

A Man's Man. Fifty-Second Street—A vivid little tragedy of middle-class frustration with Dwight Frye.

The Man Who Never Died. Provincetown—Murder Mystery suffering from an overdose of metaphysic.

The Master Builder. Princess—Eva Le Gallienne and Ibsen.

The Master of the Inn. Little—By no means.

Merchants of Glory. Guild—Something real in the line of war satire, unfortunately a bit slow to sit through.

The Merchant of Venice. Hampden's—Ethel Barrymore and Walter Hampden in the one you learned in school.

Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. Johnson's—Russian singers who also act. This week: "Love and Death."

Open House. Daly's—Reviewed in this issue.

Stronger Than Love. Belasco—To be reviewed next week.

Twelve Miles Out. Playhouse—Dirty work on the high seas.

The Vortex. Henry Miller's—Decadence on a house party made highly dramatic by Noel Coward.

Young Woodley. Belmont—Glenn Hunter's sensitive characterization of a youth at the conjunction of brook and river.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—A sincere and thought-provoking handling of the problem of inter-racial conflict, shot through with native wit.

Alias the Deacon. Hudson—The ever-popular adventures of the good-hearted crook.

Androcles and the Lion. Klaw—One of Shaw's best, on the same bill with one of his worst—"The Man of Destiny."

Beware of Widows. Maxine Elliott's—Conventional houseboat farce, saved by Madge Kennedy.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. Longacre—Gregory Kelly in very funny money-trouble on Broadway.

Cradle Snatchers. Music Box—Case 14. *Parodoxia Sexualis.* Mrs. X, Mrs. Y, and Mrs. Z, three middle-aged ladies of fair heredity and active libido.

Easy Come, Easy Go. Biltmore—Otto Kruger and Victor Moore crashing through a farcical sanitarium.

Fool's Bells. Criterion—Reviewed in this issue.

Is Zat So? Central—Still with the laugh-leaders.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Fulton—Engaging parlor-crook play, with Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

The Monkey Talks. Sam H. Harris—To be reviewed next week.

Morals. Comedy—Intensely Teutonic satire on reformers.

Naughty Cinderella. Lyceum—Zat adorable Bordoni.

One of the Family. Forty-Ninth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Patsy. Booth—Reviewed in this issue.

Young Blood. Ritz—More about the emancipated Young Folks, with Helen Hayes, Norman Trevor and Eric Dressler.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. Winter Garden—The Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker making a good French revue better.

By the Way. Gaiety—To be reviewed later.

Charlot's Revue. Selwyn—Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan, three of the world's best.

The Cocoanuts. Lyric—Those comical Marx boys.

Dearest Enemy. Knickerbocker—Very pleasant, featuring Helen Ford and Charles Purcell.

Greenwich Village Follies. Chanin's—To be reviewed later.

Mayflowers. Forrest—Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in old-fashioned costumes and a nice musical comedy.

Merry, Merry. Vanderbilt—Small but speedy.

A Night in Paris. Jardin de Paris—To be reviewed later.

No, No, Nanette. Globe—You must have seen this by now.

Princess Flavia. Century—High-grade musical extravaganza.

The Song of the Flame. Forty-Fourth St.—To be reviewed later.

The Student Prince. Ambassador—Still singing.

Sunny. New Amsterdam—Just listen to this: Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, Joseph Cawthorn, Mary Hay, Clifton Webb and lots of others.

Tip-Toes. Liberty—To be reviewed later.

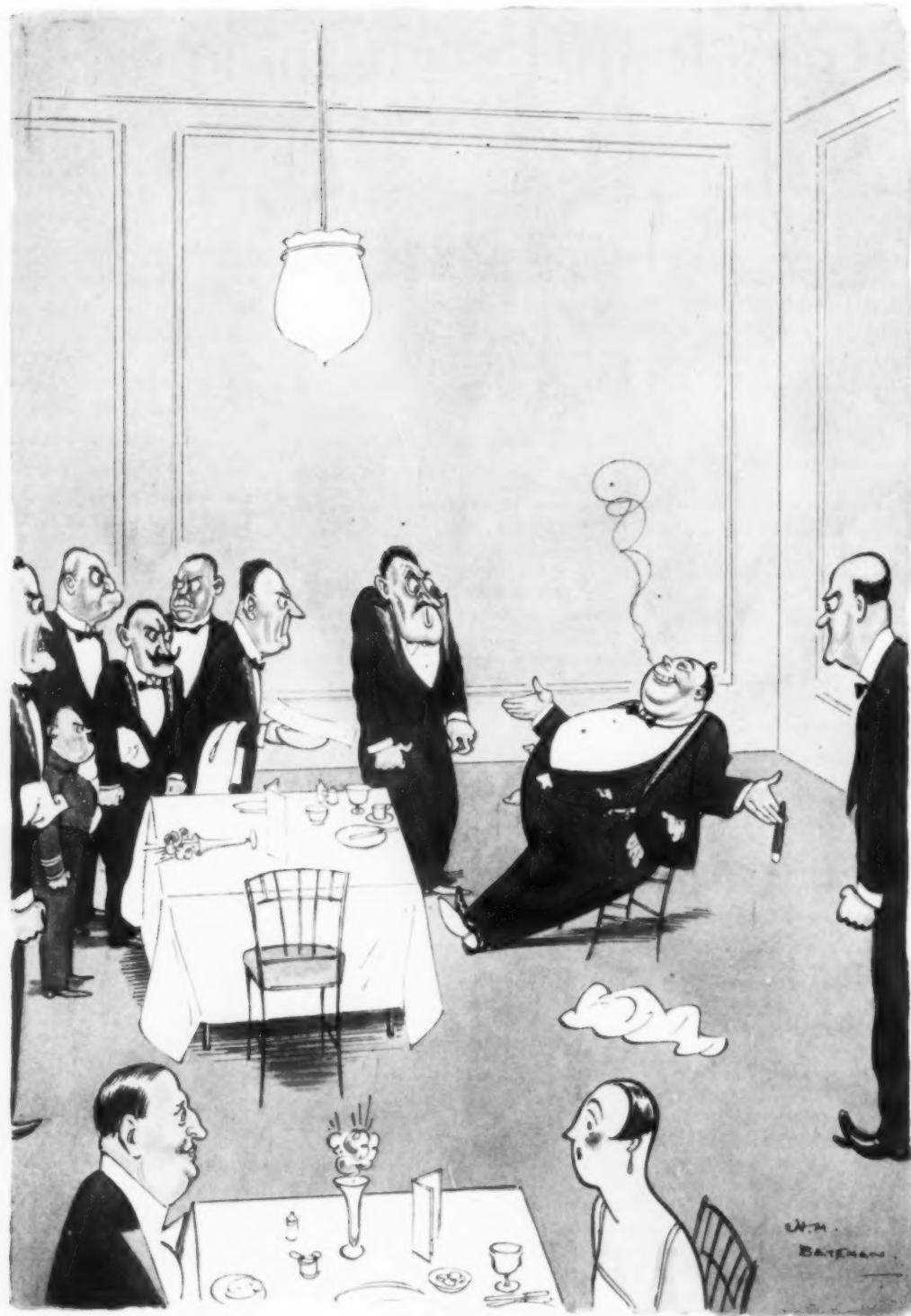
The Vagabond King. Casino—Real old-fashioned operetta.

Vanities of 1926. Earl Carroll—Joe Cook, Frank Tinney and Julius Tannen. To be reviewed later.



"JOE, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH FIVE GALLONS OF HARD LICKER TWICE A WEEK?"

"GOSH, I GOT FOUR CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE AND WE DON'T KEEP NO COW."



The Diner Who Couldn't Pay

Lessons in New Yorkese

Poetry

"WELL cannabil leemee eyes Tessie! Chagot unnaya awm?"

"Owello Mae. Sa book."

"Sa book fagunnessakes? Cha gettit?"

"Inna liberry."

"Whattizzit deerie sumpin snaappy?"

"Nowittaint snaappy. Sa booka potry."

"Cha mean potry? Howtamake jugsan jarsan bowls annat junk?"

"Voises yassap voises."

"Osa booka voices. Chasayso. Givus alook attit Tessie."

"Dobe givvinyaseffa brancfeeva now."

"Chaworry kid... Olissenna this—"

"Innexna doodid Koobla Kohn Astaley plejjadom degree:
Were Ralphi scared rivvaran—?"

"Ostoppit Mae fatha luvvapeet! Stearabil."

"Wellen heresa fois wunninna book—"

"Summerizza cumminnin,
Loudsing kookoo...."

"Youseddit! Isayits kookoo."

"Chawanna getta bookfa inna fois place?"

"Ididin getta booka goilinna liberry gimmeit."

"Wellya astferrit didincha?"

"Ididnawt! Isez tathagoil gimme agood booka potry anshe gimme this herenow 'The Awxfid Booka English Voise.' Anbeleemee Imgointa takeit backan tell her afew."

"Whawas yawantin abooka voisesia anniehow? Yin luvva sumpin?"

"Soitlynawt! Fiyam snobuddy's bizniss neetha."

"Wellya musta wantida booka potry awya woodena gottit."

"Yareely wantaknow fawhatta gottitfa Miss Snozey?"

"Well, I know yamusta gottit fasome reezin."

"Izzat so? Wella gottit becawsa thawtit wood helpme tawrite awinnin annsa inna limmerick contest!"

Henry William Hanemann.

The Beginning

JUDGE: How did your family troubles start?

LULU: Well, Jedge, yo' Honah, we done got married.

POOR Dora, she is so dumb that she thinks a water moccasin is a kind of wading shoe.



Victim: JUST WAIT'LL I SEE THAT GUY AGAIN

Free Show

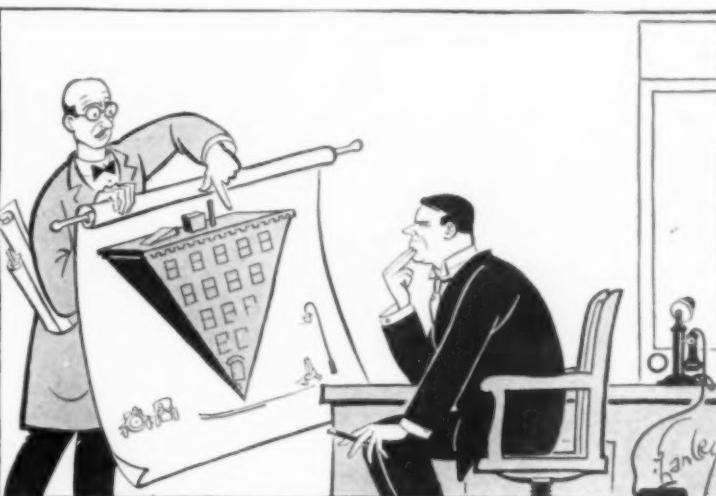
"WILLIE," called his mother, "is our sidewalk slippery?"

"Just swell, Mother. I saw six men fall down already."

Coming Across

BANDIT: Come on, now, where's the rest of your money?

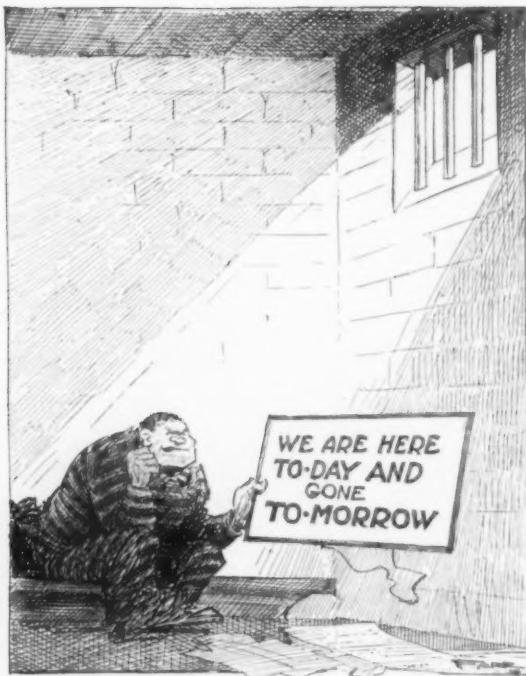
SCARED VICTIM: I—I—I'll have t-to g-g-give you a check.



Inventor: YOU SEE, WITH A HOUSE DESIGNED AS THIS ONE IS, YOU WOULD ONLY HAVE TO BUY HALF AN ACRE OF LAND TO BUILD IT ON.

Builder: BUT HOW WOULD IT EVER STAND UP?

Inventor: HOW DOES A TOP STAND UP? BY KEEPING IT SPINNING, OF COURSE.



Lifer: OH, BOY, IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE WHO SENT ME THIS!

Dependence

YOU must know that I find it always sweet
To take the steady arm you offer me,
And when it's dark, to tread a lonely street
With you beside me so protectingly.
I am quite still the while you blandly tell
How, without you, my feet would go astray;
For I am musing on how strangely well
I seem to get along with you away.

Please always, always offer me your arm.
Its needlessness is very dear to me.
This wasted strength is parcel of that charm
I love you for, a little wistfully.
Ah, darling, may I never let it slip
How often I deliberately trip!

Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Alike

RASTUS: Ah done hear yo' stayed in de haunted house last night. What happened?

SAMBO: 'Bout two o'clock Ah woke up an' a ghost come drew de side wall jes' as if de wall wasn't dere.

RASTUS: An' what did yo' do?

SAMBO: Boy, Ah went drew de other side wall de same way.

WHAT we should call the height of popularity would be a dry congressman at a bootleggers' picnic.

Bedtime Story

The Fable of the Gods and the Supreme Egoist

ONCE upon a time, when the world was young and one half of Mankind was busily engaged in keeping the other half from enjoying itself, there flourished a city called New York, and in that city there was a man named Peter J. Gahagan, who considered himself superior to his fellows, as one who was set apart by the gods. Now, that was an absolutely erroneous assumption, and the gods took counsel to see what could be done about it.

"Quite simple," said the god Steponit; "we will debase him and let him see that he is not favored by us."

So they took Peter J. Gahagan, who was a stockbroker, and they made him buy stocks when the market went up and sell stocks when the market went down, and in no time at all he was, as the god Wisecrack put it, not broker but broke. But though they shook the money out of Peter's pockets they couldn't shake the egoism out of his head. Down, down the scale they pushed him, until at last he became a subway motorman. Then they went to observe Peter, and they found him looking scornfully at the men and women pushing their way into his train. "Whatta you so Ritzy about?" asked Steponit, using the vernacular of the times. "You ain't no better off than them guys."

"Yeah," replied Peter J. Gahagan. "Maybe so. But let me tell you this, bo—I'm the only guy on this train that's sure of getting a seat."

Then the gods saw it was no use and decided to abandon him to his egoism, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had become a great motion picture director.

Bertram Bloch.

SUITOR: Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?
HER FATHER: Bring your wife around and I'll see.



"AND HOW DID YOU LOSE YOUR LEG, CAPTAIN?"

"IN A CRAP GAME."

"WHAT!"

"OH, 'TWEREN'T MUCH GOOD. JES' AN OL' WOODEN ONE THAT I MADE MYSELF."



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE WYNTER SPORTES."

· LIFE ·



"A Kiss for Cinderella"

THE conveniently alliterative combination of Barrie, Brenon and Bronson has again contributed to the joy of the holiday season, this time with a film version of "A Kiss for Cinderella."

It is not nearly so happy a collaboration as was evident in "Peter Pan," primarily because this Barrie play does not supply material that is so suitable for reproduction on the screen. The little slavey Cinderella—who, like *Peter Pan* himself, made her first appearance in "The Little White Bird"—is a character who, above all things, should be allowed to speak for herself. She is one who must be identified by her uttered thoughts, rather than her appearance or her pantomimic action. For this reason, the earlier scenes of the picture, wherein the character is developed, are slow-moving and heavily burdened with sub-titular explanations.

Herbert Brenon has brought much imagination to the photography of this tender tale, and Betty Bronson has again demonstrated that her talent for the screen is founded on a sincere and durable ability. She is lovely to behold; more than that, she is in perfect sympathy with her Barriesque surroundings.

As the policeman who impersonates Prince Charming, Tom Moore is not far short of perfect.

I TAKE this occasion to express the hope that next Christmas we shall be permitted to see Miss Bronson as *Mary Rose* in what, to my mind, is the finest of Barrie's plays.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives"

THERE is almost no mental stimulation in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," and I doubt whether any one will derive from it the intellectual kick that is imparted by "The Education of Henry Adams"; but it is an amusing,

gagful farce with several well-directed digs at the movie business, a considerable display of comely faces and knees, and two pretty good performances by Ben Lyon and Lois Wilson.

It is the story of a handmade sheik who is foisted upon the public as a romantic Latin, endowed with a lurid reputation, and considerably embarrassed by the resultant fame. Along with the light and unpretentious comedy is some stodgy sentiment which does not get over quite so successfully.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives" was directed by Al Santell, who is rapidly identifying himself as one of the arch-gag-brewers of the movies. Sometimes his laughs are misplaced—as in "Classified"—but for all that, they are laughs. Some of his kidding in this latest masterpiece is positively brilliant.



BETTY BRONSON IN
"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"

"His Secretary"

OF exactly the same general type as "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" is "His Secretary," except that here the humor is somewhat less obstreperous and considerably less funny. It is an obvious attempt to glorify the American working girl (and, by the same token, to enlist her financial support at the box-office, the heroine being a mousy stenographer who suddenly blossoms forth as a physical knockout).

"His Secretary" is unusually fortunate in the possession of Norma Shearer as its star. As time goes by, it becomes more and more evident that Miss Shearer is my favorite little lady of filmdom, and one of these days I'm going to write her a fan letter and ask for a portrait of herself, handsomely autographed in white ink by her press agent.

In short, Miss Shearer is darned good, and Lew Cody is fairly good as the tired business man who gives, and finally takes, dictation.

The G. A. M.

ONE more trifling episode has been added to the Great American Movie, as follows:

- * In the first reel, the hero will say good-by to the heroine in the center of a large room. Having concluded his farewells, he will walk to the door and, on opening it, will not pause, turn around, and deliver one parting glance, gesture or speech. Instead, he will walk right out and will never be seen again.

The heroine, I am happy to announce, is to be impersonated by that demure but piquant actress, Miss Bessie Love, who has agreed to play her rôle without overdoing the Charleston.

R. E. Sherwood.



C A D I L L A C

NEW 90 DEGREE

Prices range from \$2995 for the Brougham to \$4485 for the Custom Imperial, F.O.B. Detroit. Tax to be added.

Buyers on the payment plan are afforded the savings of the GMAC financing system.

General Motors Export Company, New York. Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.



Its own peculiar public—the largest following of its kind in the world—has never been won away from the Cadillac, even for a little while.

There is a strain of steadfastness in the American people when they have tested a principle, or a product, and proved it sound.

And that steadfastness has never been more significantly exemplified than in the eager enthusiasm which greeted the new 90-degree Cadillac, and the phenomenal success which has come to it.

In these days of lightning-like and disturbing changes, it is reassuring to recall this national characteristic, even in so slight a matter as the history of a motor car.

No glamor of newness, no specious

appeal of any sort, has ever been able to distract public attention away from the fundamental goodness of the Cadillac.

It is true that you seem to hear, just now, more ardent praise of Cadillac than ever before.

That is because the new Cadillac has given an even more emphatic emphasis to Cadillac goodness and superlative performance.

The old thought, which has held so many owners steadfast, is now operating in a new way, and in a wider sphere.

The new Cadillac is benefiting by a national habit of hunting for things that are basically right, and, when found, holding fast to them.



Light Overhead

Two small boys stood in mute admiration before a wonderful mechanical bird which filled a toy shop with melody.

"Gee, I'd like to have that!" exclaimed one. "But it costs a hundred dollars," the other replied.

"I know," said the first boy, "but think how much you'd save on birdseed!"

—Youngstown Telegram.

Disgrace

The Sergeant of the Guards was inspecting a fatigue party. "Look at your feet, Smith," he hissed at one unlucky man. "Don't you know they ought to be at an angle of forty-five degrees when you are standing at attention? There might as well have been no war for all the good it's done you!"

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

"THAT isn't gneiss," said the geology prof. as a student threw a rock at him.
—Yale Record.



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To the Last Man

Americans being what they are, there is always a boatload of them getting in from foreign parts; and one out of ten has a story aboard.

The latest is being told by a lately returned voyager from the Barbados. The standing army, says she, is composed of twelve men. Speaking casually to the General, she inquired if his splendid army had fought in the Great War. "We stood ready, madam!" said the General pompously.

Which she explains as O. Henry might have done, with the tale of a certain cablegram. It was dispatched to the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith in the early days of August, 1914.

"Success," it read. "Barbados is behind you."—New Yorker.

Presumably Doctors

French tutor's advertisement in English paper: "A young Paris man desires to show his tongue to classes of English gentlemen."—Boston Transcript.

COUNT VOLPI says Mussolini is dictator by unanimous consent. And it is ten years in prison not to consent.—Punch.

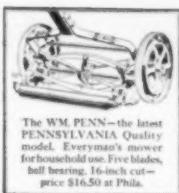
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The Plaza Building
County Road
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PENNSYLVANIA Quality Mowers not only give the utmost satisfaction in their clean-cut work and ease of operation, but cost less in the end because of their self-sharpening blades and long life.

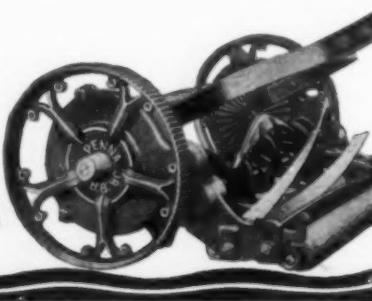
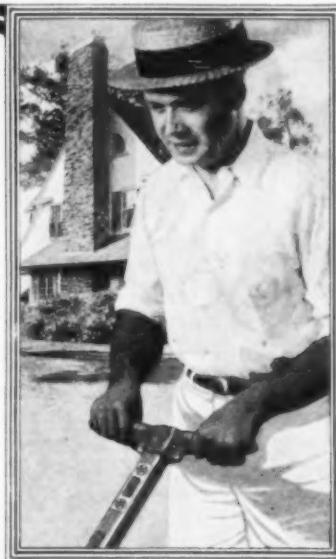
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The lower and more graceful closed bodies are finished in rich and attractive colors.

Vision from within is increased to an almost incredible degree.

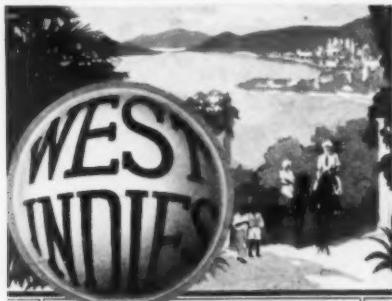
Reduction of bulk was accomplished by further notable advances in all-steel body construction, in which Dodge Brothers have led the world from the very beginning. Naturally there is a proportionate gain in operating economy—with *increased safety and durability*.

Any member of the great Dodge Brothers Dealer organization—the finest and most aggressive in the world—will gladly give you all the interesting details.

New prices now available from any Dodge Brothers Dealer

DODGE BROTHERS, INC., DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



Cunard Luxury and Comfort — the renowned Equipment, Cuisine and Service — may again be enjoyed on two 30 day

CARIBBEAN CRUISES on board the s.s. "CALIFORNIA"

a magnificent new steamer fitted with the new thermo tank ventilation system which supplies a current of fresh air — under the passenger's own control — to every stateroom, an innovation of the greatest comfort-value, when cruising in the tropics. Also electric fans in every room.

**Sailings from New York
Jan. 23 and Feb. 25, 1926**

The interesting, pleasing itinerary covers: Nassau, Havana, Port au Prince, Kingston, Colon, Cartagena, La Guayra, Port of Spain, Barbados, Martinique, Fort de France, St. Pierre, St. Thomas, San Juan, Bermuda.

Comprehensive sightseeing tours ashore under the direction of Thos. Cook & Son.

Full information on request

CUNARD
ANCHOR Line

25 Broadway New York
or Branches and Agencies



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



What the Queen Said

The queen was in her parlor
Eating bread and honey;
She had had her hair bobbed
With her own money.
But the First Lady of the Boudoir
Came on the run—
"Land sakes, your majesty,
It isn't being done!"

The queen took a pocket comb
And fluffed out her hair;
Of the crowned heads of Europe
None was so fair.
But the Second Lady of the Bedchamber
Gasped with dismay—
"Gracious me, your majesty,
What will people say?"

The queen sang a little tune
The whole town was humming—
She said to the court ladies:
"Isn't it becoming?
Come closer; see it now,
Where the sun strikes it;
I think it's rather nice—
And then, the king likes it!"

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Narrow Escape

The superintendent of a Western railway had issued strict orders instructing station masters along the line to report all accidents or near-accidents immediately. The very next day he received the following telegram:

"Superintendent's office—Man fell from platform in front of speeding engine. Will wire details later."

Five minutes ticked by. Then:

"Superintendent's office — Everything O. K. Nobody hurt. Engine was going backwards." — *American Legion Weekly*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cents in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Subterfuge

The salesman came in wearily and put down his grip with a sigh. Presently, bright and chipper, entered the sales manager. He gave the salesman a slap on the shoulder and asked, loud enough for all the office to hear:

"Well, I suppose you got his name on the dotted line?"

The salesman sighed again. "No," he replied, low enough for only the sales manager to hear, "no, I got it on the glass door."

— *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Rivalry

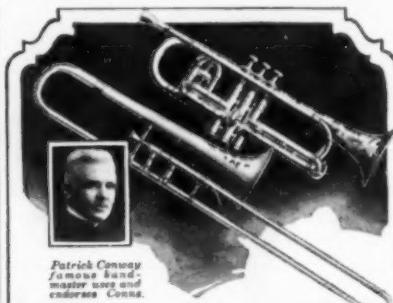
"I hear that Kate has changed her diet."

"Yes, as soon as she heard that Mrs. Smith was on the same one as she."

— *Toronto Telegram*.

REPORT on business conditions for 1925 shows football and boxing as having had a very good year.

— *Brooklyn Eagle*.



Patrick Conway
famous band
master who endorses Conn.

Use Your Talent, Now

That longing to play some instrument, to express yourself in music, can be quickly and easily gratified. Choose any Conn instrument, you'll win pleasure and profit in the shortest time. Remember Conn is the only maker of every instrument for the band.

Endorsed by foremost artists for beauty of tone, perfect scale, reliable action.

Free Trial; Easy Payments. Write for free book "Success in Music" and details of trial offer. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
121 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.



CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER



"SIX HANDS, AN ENORMOUS STOMACH AND LONG TEETH. IT MUST BE A SYMBOLICAL STATUE OF THE PUBLIC TREASURY."

— *Le Monde Colonial (Paris)*.

**INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!**

Avoid Imitations

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.



BREATHE FREELY

Anoint nostrils before retiring
with soothing, healing

Mentholumatum

Write for free sample
Mentholumatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Our Greatest Industry

STATISTICS show that every person in the United States has at least three bootleggers; so to find the approximate number of bootleggers in the country simply multiply the population by three. Of course, the figures obtained by the multiplication will be very conservative, as most people have more than three bootleggers. Investigation shows that the average citizen cannot get along with fewer than three bootleggers: one as a favorite; a second to fall back on if the first should happen to consume some of his own product, and a third to use if the first or second, or both, should be sent to jail, which has been known to happen occasionally.

Prohibition enforcement was brought about by a man named Volstead, who had the law passed for the large paint companies, in order to create a larger market and higher prices for second-grade varnish. The paint companies originally intended to go into the retail end of the business; but as this end is now handled entirely by smaller bootleggers, they have gone into wholesaling. The wholesale end is a little bit safer, but the wholesalers must pay an income tax. Perhaps the income-tax difficulty is one reason why so many people have gone into retail bootlegging; the retailers pay no tax, which has probably kept our insane asylums from being overcrowded. Even the common baker has been benefited by the advent of Prohibition, because varnish is improved to a great extent by straining it through a loaf of bread, and thousands of loaves of bread a day are used in the paint and varnish factories.

Prohibition has been a great relief to our monetary system, for engravers who formerly employed themselves as counterfeitors have been turned from this work to the more profitable occupation of reproducing labels from the genuine article for use on bootleg.

Rum-running has developed the market for faster motor boats, owing to the demand for fast boats by the bootleggers and for faster ones by the Government agents. This will probably serve as a stimulus to marine designing.

If you have an asbestos stomach and eyes of steel, you can safely drink any bootleg. If you have not eyes of steel, you may possibly have eyes of glass after drinking some of the high-priced beverage.

America has the best bootleggers in the world, and Prohibition has been an aid to the country in general, except in the instance of the common person's pocketbook.

R. R.

THE cork floater went under with a snap.

"This is where I draw the line!" exclaimed the fisherman.



The Future of the Telephone

IT WAS fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

The interconnection of millions of telephones throughout the land, regardless of distance, has not come about easily. It has resulted from a series of scientific discoveries and technical achievements embodied in a telephone plant of

vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

The future of the telephone holds forth the promise of a service growing always greater and better, and of a progress—the end of which no one can foresee.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION



One Year \$5
Canadian \$5.80
Foreign \$6.60

In Order

To Live Long and Prosper

Read

LIFE

Cultivate your Sense of Humor, and develop the Balance and Poise that make you valuable in any position.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20; Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

LH

Across the Atlantic



FRANCE ENGLAND GERMANY IRELAND

THE Joint Service of the United American Lines and Hamburg-American Line maintains splendid fleet of steamers sailing between American and European ports: The **RESOLUTE** and **RELIANCE**, renowned cruising ships, exceedingly popular with summer tourists to Europe—the **DEUTSCHLAND**, **ALBERT BALLIN** and **HAMBURG** (new),

famous for their steadiness, even in the heaviest seas—the **CLEVELAND**, **WESTPHALIA** and **THURINGIA**, popular one-class cabin boats. On all these steamers, the traveller finds that outstanding quality of service and food, which has been famous for seventy-five years. The accommodations are comfortable and luxurious. The people are congenial; a crossing is always a gala occasion.

UNITED AMERICAN LINES (HARRIMAN LINE) HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

35-39 Broadway, New York
131 State St., Boston
574 Market St., San Francisco

Joint Service with
177 North Michigan Ave., Chicago
230 South 15th St., Philadelphia
or local steamship and tourist agents



The Handwriting on the Wall

It is now a well-established fact that a man's character may be determined through the medium of his handwriting. No secrets are safe from the graphological experts. Reading between the lines has become an exact science.

When you write home to the folks that "everything is O. K. and I am going to the dentist regularly, as I promised you I would do," your parents are in a position to check up on your statements by consulting any one of the numerous professors who have made a specialty of this subject. Lying is being made more difficult and inconvenient every day.

To demonstrate the scope and power of this new art, let us consult an eminent graphologist (whose fee, as is the case with all specialists, is in direct ratio to the amount of publicity he has received). We submit to him excerpts from three letters, which he proceeds to analyze as follows:

Specimen: " . . . and I said to him, 'What do you think you're doing, posing for animal crackers?' and May like to have died . . . "

Analysis: "I should say that the writer of this letter is a woman—a young woman—of a flirtatious, capricious nature. The uncertain crossing of the 't's' and the emphatic 'l's' indicate this. The lack of stress placed upon vowels proves that she possesses a sense of humor and likes to have her little joke; but the carefulness with which she distinguishes between 'n' and 'u' suggests a certain lack of originality. She has imagination and an aptitude for mysticism, as is demonstrated by her underscoring of the word 'died.'"

* * *

Specimen: " . . . but my greatest wish, my utmost desire, is for the well-being of my constituents, who are always nearest my . . . "

Analysis: "This letter was written by a man who understands human nature—one who, if he has not already done so, should embrace a political career. There is a sureness in his formation of the word 'my' which establishes this beyond all question. The easy flow of his penmanship indicates verbosity."

* * *

Specimen: " . . . so you'd better come clean with that jack, you big stiff, or I'll knock you for a row of . . . "

Analysis: "Here is an interesting hand, characterized by great forcefulness and probably a considerable degree of physical strength. The writer is evidently a man who has the courage of his convictions, and the muscular vigor to back them up if the occasion demands. He eats a great deal of meat, which is not overcooked, and he is not by way of being a classical scholar. From the dotting of his 'i's, I should judge that he is of a slightly belligerent nature."

* * *

When we come to check up on the professor's reading of these hands, we find that he has summarized the three various characters with uncanny correctness. So it would seem that graphology may well become a dangerously vital factor in our new civilization. Handwriting will inevitably be used as circumstantial evidence.

From which it may be deduced that there will soon be an enormous increase in the sale of typewriters.

R. E. S.

Out of Tune

DOROTHY: Do I have to go to Sunday school this morning?

MOTHER: Of course, dear. Why not?

"Somehow, I don't feel that God and I are in sympathy to-day."

Two million years from now scientists can start a row by claiming that the creatures of that period descended from Man.

Rhymed Reviews

The Private Life of Helen of Troy

By John Erskine.

Bobbs-Merrill Co.

WHEN Menelaos, man of note,
Recaptured Helen, fatal beauty,
He meant to cut her swanlike throat.
But weakly failed to do his duty.

The pair returned to Spartan scenes,
The wife serene, the husband jealous;
And here's where Mr. Erskine gleans
What Grecian bards forgot to tell us.

The Queen refused to rue her wild
And lurid past and loves impassioned;
The King, and Helen's female child,
Hermione, were more old-fashioned.

Orestes begged the daughter's hand:
Hermione thought none above him;
Her father called him simply grand,
But Helen somehow couldn't love him.

Still, when Orestes dared to slay
His murderous mother, Clytemnestra,
And, fury-ridden, fled away
From city, court and blithe palestra,

'Twas Helen took the slayer's part;
And, since her girl and he were married,

"Let's give the poor young things a start,"
She said, "—moved, seconded and carried!"

And thus she managed clods and kings,
Evolving order out of chaos
By fearlessly accepting things
And circumventing Menelaos.

Telemachus, Ulysses' son,
Dropped in to call in Lacedæmon,—
So Helen, as the book is done,
Has found a new young man to beam on.

Arthur Guiterman.

Among the New Books

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane (*Appleton*). A reprint of a famous book, with a foreword about its author by Max J. Herzberg.

Touring Through France. By Elizabeth Shackleton (*Penn Publishing Co.*). Just that, with illustrations from photographs. If you should ever travel!

Black Valley. By Raymond Weaver. The Viking Press heralds this as its big novel of the season. To be reviewed later.

H. M. S. Pinafore, and Other Plays. By W. S. Gilbert (*The Modern Library*). And the other plays are "Patience," "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "Ruddigore." Introduction by Gilbert Gabriel.

The Truth About Florida. By Charles Donald Fox (*Simon & Schuster*). Everybody is saying that, in spite of all the cartoons and paragraphs, we don't know the half of it.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. By Anita Loos (*Boni & Liveright*). The amusing adventures of a young woman who would be an inspiration to any commission sent to collect what Europe owes us.

YOU are probably sick and tired of reading endless arguments about tooth paste—which to use and why.

¶ Here is the story of Listerine Tooth Paste in a nut-shell:

¶ It's made by the makers of Listerine. It tastes the way you want it to taste. It does its work well.

¶ It is sold at a price you like—25 cents for the large tube. And if we charged you a dollar a tube we couldn't offer you a better tooth paste.

¶ Try it once * and we'll wager you'll come back for more—unless you're different from thousands of people who have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste.

Lambert Pharmacal Company

St. Louis, U. S. A.

* Its wonderful refreshing effect alone has converted thousands to the use of this paste.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 Cents

Pluck and Luck. By Robert Benchley (*Henry Holt*). Our favorite dramatic critic writes some extremely funny papers on well-assorted subjects.

The Clio. By L. H. Myers (*Scribner*). The action takes place on a yacht owned by a woman with two personal maids and ten kinds of bath salts, so if you like to read about the extremely rich, etc.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney. By Elmer Davis (*McBride*). A story which should entertain everybody, and prove good raw meat for all under dogs.

Verdi. By Franz Werfel (*Simon & Schuster*). This novel, which deals with a single year in the composer's life, has been a success in Europe, as has "The Island of the Great Mother," by Gerhart Hauptmann (*Viking Press*).

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey (*Harper*). An interesting scientific analysis of the *genus homo* containing facts that will surprise you.

B. L.

Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was a man who did not telegraph, "Program coming in fine," in order to hear his name read over the radio.

Promote
good Health

Take care of your stomach. It is the best friend you have. HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters taken before meals—improves the appetite, aids digestion and imparts a feeling of robust health.

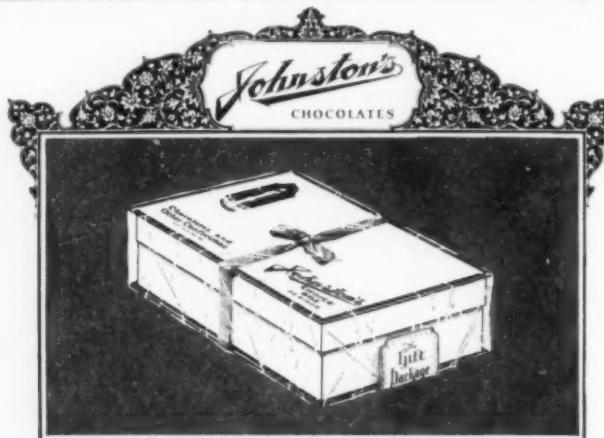
At All Druggist:

THE HOSTETTER CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE
& CO., Inc.
New York



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS



The Distinction of a Gift of Johnston's Chocolates

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

THE sophisticated giver well knows the value of Johnston's for paying social "debts,"—for Johnston's is always correct.

The secret of its good-ness is one of a generation's standing. Today... because of it, Johnston's has won a pinnacle place among the finethings that have become part of our daily lives.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY
NEW YORK . CHICAGO . MILWAUKEE . MINNEAPOLIS . SAN FRANCISCO

Treasure Hunt

MRS. SMITH: I haven't seen your husband lately.

MRS. BROWN: No; he's hunting for his overshoes.

Nobody can accuse the tabloid papers of reverting to type.

PORTO RICO Cruises

11 DAYS \$150 ALL EXPENSES AND UP

To the Island of Enchantment

NEW STEAMSHIP COAMO NOW IN SERVICE

BIG, comfortable steamers your hotel for this wonderful cruise. Option of staying at beautiful Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel while in San Juan. Wide range of accommodations. Picturesque motor sight-seeing trips included in rate. Sailing every Thursday.

Cruise Department
PORTO RICO LINE
25 Broadway, New York City

Elsie's Unwelcome Visitor

The little fairy came to Elsie. "What would you like, my dear?" asked the fairy.

"Lipsticks," said the child, petulantly. "What else?"

"A bus of my own."

"Don't you want some little dolls to play with and some candy?"

"No," cried Elsie, "but you can send me a bunch of boys and some cigarettes."

"But, dear," said the fairy, "that wouldn't be good for you."

"Huh! You talk like Ancient History. Be yourself, fairy, or I won't play with you." Elsie heaved a brick and the fairy vanished in a mist of tears.

J. A. S.

The Gambler

DEACON DAN was a Godly man, Who wouldn't play penny ante; But he sold his home and frying pan For a Florida bog and shanty!

WHEN asked why he had entered the aviation business, Henry Ford explained that it is a lot of fun. He'll have to think up a better excuse than that.

Fabulous Folks

(*Fabulous to the anecdote hound, at any rate*)

THE bride who succeeded in placing an order with her butcher without laying herself open to ridicule.

The married man's stenographer who had brunet hair and kept it on her head instead of his coat lapel.

The French girl (war time) who was above reproach.

The old gentleman who passed a small boy weeping in the street and proved to be anything but benevolent.

The aforesaid small boy who resisted the temptation to wise-crack.

The husband who was genuinely glad to welcome his wife's relatives.

The poet who made money.

The bootlegger who didn't.

The traveling salesman who was true to his wife and went to bed (in a non-crowded hotel) at nine o'clock.

The second lieutenant who was a regular fellow.

The colored man who never stole a chicken and always had a job.

The wife of the colored man who did not take in laundry for a living.

The Florida realtor whose proposition (a) was not a complete flop; (b) did not net millions.

The non-grafting Prohibition enforcement agent.

The editor who occasionally accepted manuscripts.

The business man who was actually engaged in an important conference when a visitor was kept waiting.

The minister's son who declined to live up to traditions by becoming a holy terror.

The bedtime story broadcaster who was really a sweet, motherly woman.

The Hollywood director who had no interest in the extra girls.

One Irishman, preferably named Walter.

T. B.

Motorcade

MEET the latest new word—motorcade. It has found its way into print and is doubtless already knocking impatiently at the door of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. Motorcade on first acquaintance has a way of staggering the innocent bystander. Certainly any one who attempts to get in the way of motorcade is likely to be more than staggered, for motorcade means a procession of motor cars. The Past had its cavalcade; the Present has its motorcade. In the bright lexicon of the future we shall doubtless have to make way for aircade. Or will it be aerocade or perhaps avicade? Whichever it may be, its advent seems certain, and those of us who don't make way for aircade (or aerocade or avicade) will make just so many fewer jay-fliers for the world to congregate with.

F. W.

Read Your Policy—

But Don't Try to Understand It!

We had a "Read Your Policy" drive out home not long ago, instituted by the local insurance agents, and as it was the first drive ever held in East Orange which didn't cost the driven a cent, it was very popular—until we began to read our policies. Have you ever read an insurance policy? I mean, actually read it, word for word and clause for clause? Well, don't; my eyes gave out just before my mind did, and after a few days of absolute quiet in a darkened room I was as well as ever. But it was a narrow escape, I can tell you, and every one can't hope to be so lucky. An experience like that makes a fellow think, and I got thinking, what about those unsung heroes who write the policies? To keep in perfect trim for turning out one of those masterful combinations of literature, science and necromancy, a man



"I'm Too Fat" That's folly nowadays

Look about you. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is not one-ten so common as it was.

Ask those slender people why. Some will say, "I starved and exercised." More will say, "I took Marmola Prescription Tablets and they brought my weight down at once."

That's the modern, scientific way, the easy pleasant way. People have used it for 18 years. Now they are using 100,000 boxes monthly because of the proved results.

Investigate Marmola in fairness to yourself. Don't let excess fat blight your beauty, your health, your efficiency, when millions know how to avoid it.

We state every ingredient in Marmola, tell you how and why it acts. You will know why results, which seem so amazing, come in a natural way. Then are bound to let Marmola bring you to the weight you want.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-cent sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-234 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

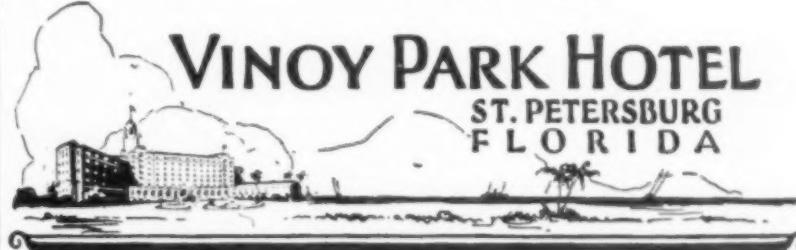
Mail for
25c Sample
Free

201



At the Vinoy Park Hotel you will receive the kind of service you always hope for but so seldom find—smiling service that anticipates your every need. This magnificent hotel on beautiful Tampa Bay accommodates five hundred guests with absolute comfort and convenience. All kinds of outdoor sports and recreations. Varied entertainment. Paul Whiteman's Vinoy Park Hotel Orchestra.

A Frank H. Abbott & Son hotel, under direction of Karl P. Abbott. For reservations or booklet, address Vinoy Park Hotel, St. Petersburg, Florida.



must actually live and move and have his being continuously in the atmosphere of which he writes. I can see a family scene now in the life of one of those insurance authors.

* * *

Breakfast is over, and Father is leaving for the city and his typewriter. It is raining, and Mother says, "You'd better wear your rubbers, Will!" Father as usual says, "Why?"

"Because," says Mother, "you might catch cold, you big risk."

"Mary," says Pa sternly, "you know that I am insured under my own disability policy—the one I wrote in 'ninety-eight—and in case of total disability from disease, if such disease shall wholly and continuously disable me and prevent me from performing any and every duty pertaining to my occupation, the company will pay the indemnity hereinafter specified so long as I shall live and suffer such disability. And very handsome it is of them, too."

"Well," replies Mother, "if either or both feet get wet, see a doctor. Remember, no payment shall be made for disability resulting from any disease for which you are not treated by a physician. If you won't take your rubbers, at least take along your Schedule of Operations, and be sure to see Part Seven."

Father laughingly assents. "All right, old designated beneficiary," he chuckles. "By the way, I'll be home late, as I have to go to dinner with the boss herein called the employer. If the unexpected happens, six months after receipt of due proof of same you will begin to receive the total amount of insurance in twenty annual instalments at the rate of sixty-seven point ninety-eight per thousand dollars of insurance. A preferred plan, eh?"

"I'll lock up when I go to bed," replies Mother. "Our policy will be void if the hazard be increased by any means within the control or knowledge of the insured."

"Not only that," says Dad, the old fox, "but the company is *not* liable for loss or damage (a) to furniture or property unless owned by the assured, nor (b) to plate glass or lettering or ornamentation thereon. According to statement thirteen the unearned increment shall hereby be considered tender for payment hereby at the formerly null and void rate of eleven per."

"Per week or per month?" asks Mother.

"Perhaps," says Father, and he is right.

A. C. M. A.

WHATEVER the future of the Air Services, they will have a great file of newspaper clippings to gloat over.

Chicago, Ill.

"Enclosed is two bucks for two ten-week trial orders—and if I laugh as much the next ten weeks as I did the last ten, aloud and so on, making people and others believe I was a dementia praecox, I promise to send five iron men the next time. Cross my heart."

Chapel Hill, N. C.

"My family would raise a riot if I stopped the subscription to LIFE. From the oldest to the youngest, we all grab for it as soon as it arrives each week."

Xenia, O.

"I have taken LIFE from No. 1, Vol. 1—brought up the children on LIFE and now the grandchildren. May it live long and prosper!"

New York City

"Please send LIFE for a year to — — —. I hope these young folks will like you as much as I do."

Hartford, Conn.

"It seems better than ever, if that is possible. Please renew my subscription."

Chevy Chase, Md.

"Anne and Jimmie consider our copies as much theirs as ours and pore over them by the hour. They love them, and their grandmother sometimes has to read every word from beginning to end aloud to them."

Danville, Ky.

"I wish to take this opportunity of thanking LIFE for the pleasure and amusement I have derived from the publication. I wouldn't be without LIFE."

Denver, Col.

"I am an old subscriber, but in leaving Delta, Col., to take up my residence here in Denver, I overlooked renewing my subscription, which I now desire to do. I have been a reader for so many years now that I cannot live happily without having LIFE come to me each week."



They Obeyed That Impulse

FOR many years, LIFE has made a practice of exhorting its readers to Obey That Impulse—(We've rather hammered it in, in fact.) Coupon after coupon has been supplied for the convenience of those who felt like trying the experiment of reading LIFE regularly.

Hundreds of thousands, in the course of the years, have taken the plunge. They Obeyed That Impulse and signed on the dotted line.

We frequently hear from them—these coupon signers—and they are among the stanchest friends LIFE ever made.

Herewith we publish some of their letters. Read them . . . Then think what a coupon might do for you.

L i f e

Obey That Impulse

L I F E

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

(309)

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Hirosaki, Japan

"LIFE'S humorous columns bring weekly cheer to our home in a foreign land. I do not always find myself in agreement with your point of view, but after all that's what makes LIFE interesting. Let come what may, don't fail to send me LIFE."

San Luis, Cuba

"I won't tell you what I think of LIFE 'cause you may do a little thinking yourself and raise the subscription price. Anyway, once you buy it you have to buy it the rest of your own life, even at twenty cents—the price you pay in Cuba."

San Francisco, Cal.

"I am enclosing \$5 for my renewal. I feel that this mental tonic should be on the reading table of every well-regulated family."

Detroit, Mich.

"Enclosed is a dollar for ten weeks of LIFE. Your Newsstand Number was screamingly funny, particularly the Bruce-Bartonish editorial."

Pasadena, Cal.

"Enclosing check for \$5 for dear LIFE, so we may have the cheer, sunshine and wit, week by week, at the house."

Elgin, Ill.

"Please enter me for a year for enclosed \$5. It is refreshing that some few papers have the decency to remain fearless—especially those who have long been in a position to be servile, and could have gotten away with it for more patronage."

Staunton, Va.

"Though I belong to numerous organizations which afford you no end of amusement; though engaged in a business which puts forth much chatter about Go-Getters, your Go-Getters' Number has compelled me at last to Obey That Impulse. To be sure, it's easy enough to buy LIFE on the newsstands each week, but—well, I might find myself in Tennessee some day and miss a number."



Have you tried that
Extraordinary Cigarette

**Herbert
Tareyton**

"There's *something* about them you'll like"

TAREYTONS ARE A QUARTER AGAIN



THE RECEIVING SET ILLUSTRATED IS THE MODEL 20 COMPACT.

THIS SET IS PRICED AT EIGHTY DOLLARS.

Consider price, of course —but in its proper place

Judge Atwater Kent Radio by what it does, how it looks.

Notice tone—its trueness and warmth. Notice volume—great or small, as you wish.

Notice simple operation—nothing to puzzle you, nothing to vex. Notice appearance—a set that will blend with the appointments of your home, powerful but unobtrusive.

Then look inside. You need no expert's eye to see how fine the materials are, how precisely the parts are made. But if you prefer expert advice, by all means

have it. Put Atwater Kent Radio to every possible test and comparison.

Then, in its proper place, consider price. It is not high. It is so low—thanks to large production and time-saving factory methods—that you will be astonished.

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) through stations:

WEAF, New York WEEL, Boston WCAE, Pittsburgh
WFIL, Philadelphia WGR, Buffalo WOC, Davenport
WOO, alternating WWJ, Detroit WSAE, Cincinnati
WJAR, Providence KDK, St. Louis WTAG, Worcester
WCAP, Washington WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul
WEAR, Cleveland WLBB, Chicago

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4751 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Model 20, \$80



Model 10 (without tubes), \$80

Radio Speakers
priced from
\$12 to \$28

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.